

At Sounion

of a morning woven over stone  
I bump camera then smock.  
We share a mist

wherein I must refuse, no  
dreamy photographs desired: my-  
self and nothing. Stavros, he

he of ghosty smock, is ticked at me.  
It rises as a litany  
to an imagined sun.

I jab along the slippery rocks  
for cooler idioms,  
finally to divine

lovers (Byron's one)  
who have scratched their hearts to ruins.

Spooners weave through our academies  
shunning all the moves to set

their dreaming steps to music  
more appropriate.

Or so I later feel with ouzo  
at the shivering cafe  
before sun fairly rockets through

and temple can assert in flame,  
informing wave on wave of rain  
the wisdom of arrangement past  
this opalescent glass.